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DESERT CHIEF/STON
III-24 to III-30



III-26

DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR FORCE
HEADQUARTERS 50TH TACTICAL FIGHTER WING (USAF)
APO NEW YORK 09122-5000



REPLY TO
ATTN OF: ADO

2 July 1991

SUBJECT: Air Force Songs from Desert Shield/Storm

TO: Mr. Bill Getz, The Redwood Press


Guten Tag From Deutschland!

We received your 15 Jun 91 request for songs on 24 Jun, so we suspect the Pony Express still works trans-atlantic mail. The two enclosed songs were written specifically for the 17th Air Force Aviator of the Year Awards Banquet at Sembach Air Base on Saturday, 22 Jun 91. Each fighter wing had to provide some entertainment of the lyrical kind and, I'm proud to say, these two songs not only blew away the competition and won the coveted "Combat Crooners" Trophy (a well-battered French horn nailed to a plaque) but left the crowd with a fine appreciation of the Fightin' Fiftieth's history.

As you may be aware, the 50th Tactical Fighter Wing is folding it's colors and inactivating on 30 Sep of this year, closing out 50 years (1941-1991) of distinguished history; the last 38 years at Hahn Air Base in the Hunsrück area of Germany. Hahn is well known to have the continuously worst flying weather of any base operated by the USAF and has had this distinction since its inception. The 50th has always been acknowledged to be the "Premier Fighter Wing" of USAFE, charged with air superiority, conventional ground attack, and theater nuclear strike roles. Life at Hahn is anything but pleasant with the tasking we've been burdened with and the environment we've been forced to fly in. Our lifestyle has been referred to as the "fastest runaway train" in Europe; once you're on board, you'd best hang on for your life. It's been tiring, vexing, maddening, dangerous, and unbelievably onerous here. Surviving a tour at Hahn ranks among the highest accomplishments anyone, let alone fighter pilots, can brag about. I say that as a past member of the "Wolfpack" at Kunsan AB, Korea; it ain't no wuss-game!

The three fighter squadrons assigned, the 10 TFS "Sabres," 313 TFS "Lucky Puppies," and the 496 TFS "Big Dicked Dogs" were shuffled up a bit with pilots "swapping patches" to consolidate the right mixture of experience and time-in-theater prior to a deployment to the Gulf last December. Although only the 10 TFS deployed, it was a composite of all three squadrons that flew seven hour missions from the Saudi Peninsula to Baghdad and back from night number one to the very end...and then stayed on as top cover until May of this year.

Now at the end of a long and illustrious string of achievements billed regularly with the adjectives "best...first...finest... numero uno and sierra hotel," the Fightin' Fiftieth has truly earned the right to be the one and only "Fighter Wing from Hell." Hope you can use our contributions.


MICHAEL J. HOLM, Lt Col, USAF
Assistant Deputy Commander for Operations

SADDAM'S A FAGGOT

(Sung to the tune of Adeline Schmidt)

There once was an Arab named Saddam Hussein
Invasion of Kuwait was his claim to fame
He said it was his and he'd not give it back
This new 19th Province belonged to Iraq

There'll be bombs, bombs, bombs raining down
There'll be bombs, bombs, bombs raining down
There'll be bombs, bombs, bombs raining down
Iraq will be covered with bombs, bombs, bombs, bombs

George called up Saddam and said don't be a clown
Get out of Kuwait or Baghdad's goin' down
The mother of all battles was Saddam's reply
We'll eat all your pilots and let the scuds fly

George didn't buy it he called Saddam's bluff
With Vipers and Warthogs it wasn't too tough
Saddam couldn't shoot down what he couldn't see
The stealth went from bunker to bridge to Tab Vee

There were bombs, bombs, bombs raining down
There was CBU falling 'round
There was rocket nailing the clowns
The Ragheads were running from bombs, bombs, bombs, bombs

The Eagles flew ovals for seven-point OHs
A shortage of Bandits led to their woes
They spent their days circling ^{WAY} up in the blue
Heads down in the cockpit, blind with no clue

The Vipers rolled in from twenty four grand
And proved to Saddam the end was at hand
The army claimed they were the heroes to praise
But we owned those bastards for forty four days

There were bombs, bombs, bombs, raining down
There were big black holes in the ground
The Publican Guard threw their guns down
(spoken) AND SADDAM'S A FAGGOT!

By Capt. Jeff "A.P." Wish
10th TFS / 50th TFW
June 1991

THE FIGHTER WING FROM HELL
(Sung to the tune of Ghost Riders in the Sky)

In the Hunsrück hills of Germany, above the Mosel's shores,
Wrapped in ghostly fog a runway lies in use no more.
Witness to the days gone by when fighter engines screamed,
The roar of afterburners...sang a song on freedom's theme.

The jocks were demons trained for war, it was their only way;
Their maintainers were sorcerers, their jets could fly all day.
Through rain and fog and sleet and hail, their skills were sorely tried,
As pilots from the Hunsrück know...it can snow on four July.

N-S-I...L-S-N,
For the figh-ter wing from Hell

In all USAFE they were picked the Viper first to fly.
In '83 they took Gunsmoke, nobody wondered why,
When they got a Burger King, they were the talk of town
But just to make the headlines...they burned two bowling alleys down.

No matter what the tasking was, they knew that they'd be screwed.
They saluted, said "Yes, Sir," leaned forward when they flew.
But when the wing was overtasked relief came from on high;
"We'll scrap your trip to Decci...so more DV's you can fly!"

Tac Eval...time again,
For the figh-ter wing from Hell

A standard way of life it was, their whole wing to divert.
While Ramsteinees and Spangladesh kept their jets bound to dirt.
They'd launch into the blackest skies, their game plan well enhanced;
Clean undies in their helmet bags...a checkbook in their pants.

Paired with sister squadrons out at Bitburg to the west
They trained with Eagles in the TRAs, the contests were the best
But in the Gulf the Bit-boys found it easier to win
Without a little Viper Jet...sneaking up behind their fins.

Fqx one away, in the phonebooth they'd pay
The figh-ter wing from Hell

If you wanna know how good you are, ask Ivan to the east
"Praises be to Lenin, ve don't vant to fight the beast,"
"But kindly turn our nightmares off and ve vill grovel 'round,"
"Looking for a handout...just shut those Hunsrück fighters down!"

Through fifty years of history the wing withstood all tests:
I.G. pukes, Gen-rul's rebukes, and AAFCE's kind of pests.
But in the end what shut 'em down was not some commie thug;
Those thousand foot low-levels...made Mike Dugan pull the plug!

The Pups and Dogs...the Sabres too,
Made the figh-ter wing from Hell
...The figh-ter wing from HAHN!